

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS,

THE POETRY BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD,

ASSIGNED BY HIS EXECUTORS FOR EXCLUSIVE PUBLICATION IN THIS WORK,

HARMONIZED, TO BE SUNG BY EITHER THREE OR FOUR VOICES, WITH ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE MUSICAL TREASURY.

[No. 657-58—G. H. Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons, London—6d.]

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Andante con Repres.

For 4 Vocal TREBLES.
TENORS.
BASS.
PIANO.
VOICE.

One more Un - for - tu - nate, Wea - ry of breath, Rash - ly im - por - tu - nate, Gone to her

One more Un - for - tu - nate, Wea - ry of breath, Rash - ly im - por - tu - nate, Gone to her

One more Un - for - tu - nate, Wea - ry of breath, Rash - ly im - por - tu - nate, Gone to her

death! Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care; Fash - ion'd so slen - der - ly,

death! Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care; Fash - ion'd so slen - der - ly,

death! Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care; Fash - ion'd so slen - der - ly,

Young, and so fair! Look at her gar - ments, Cling - ing like cere - ments; Whilst the wave

Young, and so fair! Look at her gar - ments, Cling - ing like cere - ments; Whilst the wave

Young, and so fair! Look at her gar - ments, Cling - ing like cere - ments; Whilst the wave

con - stant - ly Drips from her clo - thing;— Take her up in - stant - ly, Lo - ving, not loath - ing.

con - stant - ly Drips from her clo - thing;— Take her up in - stant - ly, Lo - ving, not loath - ing.

con - stant - ly Drips from her clo - thing;— Take her up in - stant - ly, Lo - ving, not loath - ing.

Touch her not scorn-ful-ly; Think of her mourn-ful-ly, Gen-tly and hu-man-ly; Not of the

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Touch her not scorn-ful-ly; Think of her mourn-ful-ly, Gen-tly and hu-man-ly; Not of the

Ad lib. *p* 1st Voice—*Ad tempo.*

stains of her,— All that re-mains of her Now is pure wo-man-ly. Loop up her

stains of her,— All that re-mains of her Now is pure wo-man-ly.

stains of her,— All that re-mains of her Now is pure wo-man-ly.

tress-es Es-cap'd from the comb— Her fair au-burn tress-es; While won-der-ment

Ad lib. *2nd Voice.* *p*

guess-es Where was her home? Who was her fa-ther? Who was her

mo-ther? Had she a sis-ter? Had she a bro-ther? Or was there a

dear - er one Still, and a near - er one Yet, than all o - ther? *cres.* A - las! for the
A - las! for the
A - las! for the *cres.*

ra-ri-ty Of Chris-tian cha-ri-ty Un-der the sun! Oh! it was pi-ti-ful!

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Ad lib. *cres.*

Near a whole ci-ty full, Home she had none. The bleak wind of March Made her trem-ble and

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Near a whole ci-ty full, Home she had none. The bleak wind of March Made her trem-ble and

p *cres.*

shi-ver; But not the dark arch, Or the black flow-ing ri-ver: Mad from life's his-to-ry,

shi-ver; But not the dark arch, Or the black flow-ing

shi-ver; But not the dark arch, Or the black fl

Glad to death's mys-te - ry Swift to be hurl'd— A - ny-where, a - ny-where Out of the

Glad to death's mys-te - ry, Swift to be hurl'd— A - ny-where, a - ny-where Out of the

Glad to death's mys-te - ry, Swift to be hurl'd— A - ny-where, a - ny-where Out of the

world!

world!

world! In she phung'd bold-ly, No mat-ter how cold-ly The rough ri-ver run,—

It— think of it, Dis-so-lute Man!

Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can! Take her up ten-der-ly, Lift her with
 Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can! Take her up ten-der-ly, Lift her with
 Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can! Take her up ten-der-ly, Lift her with
 care; Fash-ion'd so slen-der-ly, Young, and so fair! Own-ing her weak-ness, Her
 care; Fash-ion'd so slen-der-ly, Young, and so fair! Own-ing her weak-ness, Her
 care; Fash-ion'd so slen-der-ly, Young, and so fair! Own-ing her weak-ness, Her
 e - vil be - ha - viour, And leav - ing, with meek - ness, Her sins to her Sa - viour!
 e - vil be - ha - viour, And leav - ing, with meek - ness, Her sins to her Sa - viour!
 e vil be - ha - viour, And leav - ing, with meek - ness, Her sins to her Sa - viour!
 Ad lib.
 Ad lib.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd! drown'd!"—HAMLET.

Several STANZAS of the late THOMAS HOOD's beautiful Poem having been omitted in the Musical Adaptation from the fear of the Composition being deemed too long for Vocalization, it is here reprinted entire, as written by the Author.

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like ornaments;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;—
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clamantly.

Loop up her tresses
Escap'd from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had chang'd:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estrang'd.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any-where, any-where
Out of the world!

In she plung'd boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it;—
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose the
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

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